

The Evening World.

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NOT SHAMEFUL.

ANYTHING that looks like a Mexican crisis, of course, brings into instant action the contingent of half-cock diplomats and Administration critics who are safe in telling us how badly the Mexican situation has been handled for the simple reason that nobody can say how much worse it might be had it been treated in a way it wasn't.

We fail to see, however, why the fact that Carranza, of whom we had hopes, has come to act like a fool and a ruffian proves that the President should have recognized Huerta, who was a worse ruffian to start with, and of whom we had scant reason to entertain any hopes at all.

As for intervention, which would be more likely to go down in history to this nation's credit:

Summary, high-handed interference with a neighboring people whose Government, at least in form, was constitutional and respectable as our own, and whose right to rearrange that Government we should have been the last to dispute?

Or patient and forbearing effort to assist the neighbor to find a government under which it could tranquillize itself—patience that preferred to take the risk of making mistakes that had to be corrected rather than fail to give a self-governing people the last possible chance to get itself in hand?

Whatever circumstances may presently force us to do in Mexico, no one can say that our forbearance has not been such as few strong nations have ever shown under similar provocation. Which will not be to our shame.

We are still waiting to hear one formal word of mutual regard or regret as between the Supreme Bench and C. E. Hughes.

WHICH?

THERE is one thing of which the voters of the country cannot remind themselves too often:

The next Presidential election is going to be a matter of more than national moment. The governments of a sorely disrupted world will watch it closely and the meaning they attach to its results is bound to have a far-reaching effect upon the esteem in which they hold this nation.

By consistent, unswerving adherence to a policy of peace and neutrality President Wilson has kept the United States in a position where militarism has been humbled and the lawless thrustings of beligerency stopped by the sheer compelling force of American ideals.

It is not an excited, menacing America, but a calm, insistent America that commands the respect of European nations today.

Are Americans going to prove to Europe that behind these national ideals, as President Wilson has upheld them, stood and still stands a united people?

Or, is the world to think it was only a man?

Never mind who declares for what. The sun has come out for everybody.

THE ALLIED BAZAAR.

THE big Allied Bazaar at the Grand Central Palace finished its second week in a blaze of glory and profit—the latter away above the \$1,000,000 mark and threatening to double itself unless some one shows it why it shouldn't.

A wonderful place—more interesting things and people to look at, more celebrities walking around loose, more fun and funmakers, more irresistible ladies, more stunts being done by well-known folks that know how to do 'em, more articles worth buying, more pleasure in paying the moderate prices asked for them, more endless variety of booths, banners and barriers, more chances to accumulate grand prizes, pearl necklaces, automobiles and steam yachts "for a dollar," more scheduled events constantly coming off at stated hours, more opportunities to see things one would never see anywhere else, more pleasant freedom from frills and formality, more good humored "mixing," more light, life and liveliness—in short, more of a real out-and-out fair than New York sees twice in a generation!

The Allied Bazaar is huge in every sense, including its success. It is going to have a paragraph in the city's history. No New Yorker can afford not to have at least one good look at it before it closes next Wednesday night.

Hits From Sharp Wits

Some day half the world is going to die of exhaustion from trying to tell the other half how to conduct its own business.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Presumably they are members of that other half of the world who stand and look on when men are working.—Albany Journal.

It is bad for a man when his circle of acquaintances is made up of "rounders."—Deseret News.

The size of many a man's donation to a good cause is determined by the number of people who are looking on.

Beauty may be only skin deep, but the envy it creates strikes to the marrow.—Macon News.

Letters From the People

The "Platform Hog."
Several weeks ago I read in your "Letters from the People" a letter from one of your readers concerning "sidewalk hogs."

I think I can point out a worse "hog" than that, the "platform hog." By this I mean people who continually stand on platforms of trains, thus preventing other people from getting on and off. This occurs chiefly in the rush hours. In order to board a train you have to push and struggle

through a snarl of these people, and when you arrive inside the car with half a shirt and torn collar you see a practically empty car with open windows. What the purpose of these people is I can't tell. It can't be that they want the air. The windows in the cars are always open on warm days. I should think any sensible man or woman would realize the fact that just as much, and even more, air is to be gotten in a roomy car with large open windows than on the crowded platform. R. M. S.

Men Who Fail

By J. H. Cassel



"I'd work hard, too, like the boss does if I owned the business."

Just a Wife (Her Diary)

Edited by Janet Trevor.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

AUGUST 27.—At breakfast this morning Ned announced that we must give a little dinner to Mrs. Denford and a few of her friends.

For twenty-four hours I had been thinking of Mrs. Denford's strange request, his plea that I do my best to win his wife from her present deep interest in the philosophy of the East, Indian lecturer whom she calls the "Hindu." Besides doubting my influence over Mrs. Denford, I was less and less attracted by the idea of playing missionary at the behest of the lady's husband, although I did feel honestly sorry both for him and for her.

I had about decided to tell Ned the whole story and take his advice. I felt pretty sure that he would urge me to let the matter alone, and as my own inclinations leaned in that direction I had begun to feel relieved and cheerful once more. And then, at the very time I had picked out for a final discussion of the affair, Ned spoke of the dinner which he thought we should give as soon as we can arrange it.

So I shan't tell him about the Samson case, and I'll have to shelve them, temporarily, in my own mind. The sun is shining, but I feel as if a cloud hung over the world. I know it is weak and petty of me to wish not to have anything to do with Mrs. Denford and her crowd merely because they do not like me and do not think me a fit wife for Ned. I ought to be at once defiant and diplomatic, resolved to win them and willing to plan ways of achieving their favor. Ned has said that they are extremely valuable to him, professionally, and if I were a really dutiful wife I suppose I should consider nothing else.

But I can't help feeling afraid and hurt and angry when I think of those smart, wealthy, patronizing women. I feel that they are, somehow, at taking our home—the quiet, happy, little home of which I've always dreamed.

"We must return Mrs. Denford's hospitality," Ned remarked suddenly, as he poured the cream over his peaches. "They'll be in town for a week, just after Labor Day, and I think we might give them a little dinner. We'll invite their cousin, Mrs. Winthrop. Mrs. Denford's kid brother—you said you liked him, and one or two others whom you met at her house."

I hadn't thought of it before, but I wonder how Ned knew when Mrs. Denford would be in town. She was out of the city when I made my party call—much to my relief—and I assumed that she wouldn't return till the beginning of the season. Of course my husband is her physician, and she has a perfect right to correspond with him occasionally. I wonder if she does.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

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Y. Daughter, the Deputante had said in her heart:

"Oh, would that I were FORTY!"
"Feed me with caviare and stay me with problem-novels, for I am sick of strawberry sundaes and weary of chaperones!"

"Yea, would that I were Forty, the Magical Age of Woman!"
"The age at which I may wear Oriental earrings and a sophisticated air and dangle a lorgnette effectively."

"The age at which I may choose the color of my own hair and change it from season to season, according to my fancy."
"The age at which I may put a man tenderly upon the head and call him 'Nice boy!' without fear of being suspected of matrimonial designs."

"The age at which I may rouse frankly and toy with a cigarette without exciting gossip."
"The age at which I may chaperone debutantes and flirt with their escorts."

"The age at which I shall make the simple ingenue seem as insipid as pink custard, and her repartee sound as foolish as a children's comic page."
"The age at which I shall UNDERSTAND men, and drive them tandem or four-in-hand, at my pleasure."

"The age at which I may put aside white muslin and pink tulle and doff my 'baby stare' and array myself in clinging BLACK and strings of jet and widow's weeds and mystery!"
"The age at which I may order a 'Tame Cat' about, and run a Kindergarten for the education of callow youths."

"The age at which old men will scorn to flirt with me, and grandpas will no longer persecute me with their attentions."
"The age at which I shall joyfully discard the 'Baby Act' and gracefully assume the 'Mother Stunt,' which is so much more effective."

"The age at which life shall cease to be a struggle after matrimony, and shall become a pursuit of pleasure, at which flirtation shall cease to be a life-work and shall become a pastime, at which beauty shall cease to be an uncertain work of nature and shall become a work of ART and a matter of clothes."

"Verily, verily, life at twenty is all heartaches and yearning."
"Life at thirty is all struggle and disappointment."
"But at FORTY a woman may be happy!"

"For lo! her illusions are dead, her regrets are forgotten, her mistakes are wiped out, and there is nothing on earth which can SURPRISE her!"
"Yea, verily, her JOLTS are over!"

Selah.

Utilizing an Empty Paste Pot.

(By Permission of Popular Mechanics.)

THE type of paste pot that contains a central well to hold the paste brush is not always cast aside when empty. A pin-cushion built to fit the outer ring, or paste holding section, is added and the brush holder is used to hold pens and pencils.

give the dinner here, Ned? There's hardly room in our bit of a dining room."

"No, indeed," he said, with a mysterious smile.
"Do you wish to go to one of the smart Fifth Avenue restaurants?" I persisted. "It will be pretty expensive, dear."

"Not that, either," he replied. "Those women are perfectly familiar with the two places of which you're thinking. They've been done there much better than you or I can afford to do them. I want to give them

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

Selecting Salesmen.

"I" is a difference of opinion that makes hell of a horse race," said a traveling salesman, "and through the very nature of his work a salesman makes allowances for the infinite variations of individual outlooks."

"When I applied for the job I held at present, for example, I was turned down by the sales manager. Next day I heard that he had been called to headquarters in another city for a conference and that to the assistant sales manager had been assigned the task of completing the job of hiring a half dozen new salesmen."

"Next day I showed up again, made a bit with the assistant manager, and by the time the chief returned I was cut in by territory making good."

"Only the other day I was reading in a business magazine the results of tests conducted to find out whether or not there was a slightest agreement among the verdicts of a group of sales managers regarding a man's fitness for a certain job. The variations were so great as to be really a joke."

"Eight sales managers employed by a huge corporation were assembled to select fifteen salesmen from twenty-nine applicants. Each manager was assigned a room in which he could talk to the applicant alone, and as the interview was concluded he marked on a sheet of paper what his opinions constituted the man's comparative rating."

"One man was rated twenty-sixth by one interviewer, fifteenth by a second, first by a third, eighth by a fourth, ninth by a fifth, sixteenth by a sixth, third by a seventh and fifteenth by the eighth. This case was typical; in other words, there seemed to be no consensus of opinion."

"The man who was esteemed most highly by the majority was ranked respectively nineteenth and twenty-third by two of the experts. Furthermore, the acid test of results later demonstrated that the four best salesmen out of the assortment hired had been rated respectively only seventh, eleventh, ninth and fifteenth by averaging the opinions expressed by the eight managers at the original interview."

"So I find a man who doesn't think I'd make good never discourages me," concluded the speaker. "One man might refuse me a job at \$20 a week, while the man in the next office might consider me a find at \$100. And as the nature of a sales manager's work is such that it is almost certain to test his fitness, doubtless there are, as Prof. Scott, the conductor of the experimenters, referred to, 'some' who could have been done better by a boy working for \$10 a week."

EXPECTED NO CALLERS.
Misses—Jane, didn't you hear the door bell?
Servant—Yes, mum.
Misses—Then why don't you go to the door?
New Servant—Dear, mum, I ain't expectin' nobody to call on me. It must be somebody to see yourself, mum!—Passing Show.

Stories of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces.

By Albert Payson Terhune

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The Diamond Watch (from "Tales of Hoffmann"), by Theodor Hoffmann.

HE was a young Prussian Baron, and because his real title is so well known we will call him "Siegfried," which does not chance to be his name at all.

He lived in Potsdam, in the mid-years of the eighteenth century. Beginning his life in desperate poverty and ending it enormously rich, he did not owe his wondrous success to any especial talent, but to a most unbelievable run of good luck which followed him from early manhood to the grave.

It was a day and a country in which card playing was the favorite sport of the nobility. Oddly enough, Siegfried had a profound and contemptuous disgust for cards. People, knowing of his marvellous luck, used to beg him to stake it on the turn of a card. He laughingly refused.

(Once only, when taunted with stings, he broke this rule. He resolved to prove he was no miser by throwing away \$800 at a gaming table. Instead of losing his money he broke the bank.)

Here is a single story still told in Germany that illustrates Siegfried's strange good fortune.

As a mere lad he found himself suddenly forced to go upon a long and expensive journey. He had no funds for such a trip. It was necessary to sell something to raise the needed money.

The only valuable possession he had was an antique watch set in diamonds. This was a once-precious family relic. But the gold of the watch was worn thin. The diamonds were of ancient cut. At a forced sale it was not likely to bring more than a mere fraction of its real worth.

Before visiting a jeweller or pawnbroker Siegfried went to dinner at a cheap hotel. During the meal he chanced to look at his watch. The man who sat next to him at the table was a collector of curios and was at once interested in the queer old timepiece. He asked leave to examine it, and ended by offering to buy it for a sum that was more than double the watch's original value. Siegfried eagerly accepted and departed upon his journey with a full pocketbook and an empty watch pocket.

A year later the young Baron inherited a little property, and (to celebrate his legacy as well as to oblige a friend) he invested a few pennies in a charity raffle.

He drew the first prize in this lottery. The prize happened to be an antique gold watch studded with diamonds—the very same watch he had sold for such a huge price to the collector.

Siegfried had lost all personal interest in the heirloom now that it had passed through so many hands. So when a Berlin jeweller took a violent fancy to it he traded the watch to him for a costly diamond ring.

Soon afterward Siegfried accepted a post of honor at the court of the Prince of G—. There he did such faithful service that when he resigned his position for a higher one in another court the Prince resolved to give him a testimonial of gratitude and esteem.

Accordingly when Siegfried entered his royal master's presence to say farewell the Prince handed him a sealed packet. Opening it, Siegfried found inside the velvet case his own diamond-studded gold watch, attached to a new diamond-and-gold chain.

After that he made no effort to dodge destiny by parting again with a watch that had already brought him a precious ring, a still more valuable chain and more than twice its own value in actual cash.

Politeness is an easy virtue, costs little, and has great purchasing power.—DR. ALCOTT.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MRS. JARR looked into the room where Mr. Jarr was dreaming peacefully and said: "Now do get up! Here you lie all night all hours and have Gertrude complaining to me that you keep her back in her work. How can I keep a girl if the table has to wait for you till you get up in the morning and wait for you till you come home at night? How can I run the house unless we have some system?"

"I'll let you be after this," said Mrs. Jarr, mournfully. "You can lie all day and lose your position and have your children begging for bread! I'll never say another word to you. But remember this, Mr. Jarr—it's an old saying and a true one—that the early bird catches the worm!"

"I'm not a bird, my dear," said Mr. Jarr, calming himself, "and I am not out after worms. Besides that, did it ever strike you that if the early worm stayed in bed the early bird would have to content itself on an earlier bug. Get me?"

"I'm not interested in what you are saying," replied Mrs. Jarr coldly. "You know what the old saw means." "Yes, and I don't care. Who gets up earliest?—The man who works hardest and longest for the least pay!" Mr. Jarr went on. "They catch worms, maybe, but the wise old bird that lies abed till he gets a good long sleep which rests and refreshes his frame and his faculties, he saunters out between ten and twelve in the forenoon and captures him a great, big fat python. You can get more for one python than you can get for a million worms!"

By this time he was dressed and had performed his ablutions. He followed Mrs. Jarr out to the dining room. The clock chimed 8. "Snatter, pop?" chorused the breakfasting children. "You're up early to-day!"

"He's going fishing for pythons, my dears," said Mrs. Jarr sweetly. And the worm never turned.

Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). ANGLICAN ships can be prevented from wearing out by lining the soles with heavy layers of malleable iron.

Taking a bath in a damp bathtub is liable to lead to a serious cold.

Bureau of Statistics has figured out that there are more than enough moths in the United States to supply the demand.

When packing the trunk for the summer vacation always remember that it annoys the goldfish to have the aquarium folded up.

You can prevent dust from gathering in the corners by building all your rooms round.

You can make the neighbors think it is raining by perching on the chimney and rolling camphor balls over the tin roofs.

In order to prevent your neighbor's hens from scratching up your garden seeds plant them in concrete.

When a bath sponge loses its edge and becomes blunt it can easily be sharpened by rubbing between two soft pieces of Harveynised steel.